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Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 15 MONTREAL, APRIL 9, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

'Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man, soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.'

—Samuel Rogers.

A Child's Easter.

Across the windy slopes sweet bells were ringing;
A skylark's song came downward, clear and gay,
And my full heart broke forth in joy and singing,
This Easter day.
My risen Lord, I felt thy strong protection!
I saw thee stand among the graves to-day;
'I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,'
I heard thee say.

And all the burdens I had carried sadly
Grew light as blossoms on an April spray;
My cross became a staff; I journeyed gladly
This Easter day.

—Selected.

The Message of the Lord's Resurrection.

(The Rev. H. C. G., in 'Thoughts for the Sundays of the Year.')

If we believe that Jesus died, and rose again. (I. Thess. iv., 14.)

'I am not clear what you mean by spiritual experience; I am bewildered by the conflicting thoughts of our time. But I try, amidst them, to keep my mind settled on the fact of the resurrection.' So said an able and highly cultivated layman, long years ago, to his friend, my dear father. They were partners in many thoughts and plans for the material help and benefit of the needy around them, and my father could not rest without seeking to secure their partnership also in the living faith of the gospel. The words I quote were spoken in a conversation thus occasioned. And the reply to those words was this, as I remember the report: 'Keep your mind settled on that fact, and you are straight on your way to spiritual experience.'

Let us move onward from the fact of the resurrection, or rather with it, to some of the great matters of the spiritual experience of the believer, that is to say, his personal and conscious contact with the things unseen and eternal. True, the fact of the resurrection cannot merely by itself work the deep inward miracles of spiritual experience. But He who does and will work them, 'the Holy Spirit of the promise' can and will use the fact of the resurrection, the fact of the Risen One, in the blessed process.

First, then, let us, with great simplicity, take the sacred fact as our vast, our all-sufficient assurance that in this universe of ours, after all, spiritual power is the conquering power. Like my father's friend, we may often find ourselves very seriously 'bewildered by the conflicting thoughts of our time.' But, like him, let us at least 'keep our minds settled on the fact of the resurrection.' Let us, if I may again use the better phrase, keep them settled upon the fact of the Risen One. For never be it forgotten that 'the resurrection' means, not an isolated story of 'some man's' escape from death, but the victory over death won by '"this" Man,' the Jesus Christ of the gospels, this mysterious, glorious personage, the more supernatural the more you study him; impossible to be invented by a Luke, aye, or by a John; certain, by the deepest sort of self-evidence, to have been really such as they depict. Keep your mind settled upon the fact of 'His' victory over the inexorable grave, the seemingly omnipotent grave. Watch him down, and watch him up. See him, on his return, passing on into a life which must now indeed be endless, 'indissoluble'; identically 'this same Jesus,' in his love, in his holy sympathies, in his witness to his Father, in his witness to his Father's Word, in his promise of his own return from heaven. Let all this sink into the mind, as it considers, as it accustoms itself to take in, the greatness of the fact. Whatever else can or cannot take place, this has taken place—Jesus has overcome death, and is alive evermore. He stands beside us, yet on the other side of the grave, saying, 'I was dead, and am alive, and have the keys of death.'

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's cries,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said,
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

Easter Day.

(Annie Trumbull Slosson, in the 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.')

Had I been there, when Christ, our Lord, lay sleeping
Within that tomb in Joseph's garden fair,
I would have watched all night beside my Saviour—
Had I been there.

Close to the hard, cold stone my soft cheek pressing,
I should have thought my head lay on His breast;
And dreaming that His dear arms were about me,
Have sunk to rest.

All through the long, dark night when others slumbered,
Close, close beside Him still I would have stayed,
And, knowing how He loved the little children,
Ne'er felt afraid.

To-morrow, to my heart I would have whispered,
I will rise early in the morning hours,
And wandering o'er the hillside I will gather
The fairest flowers;

Tall slender lilies (for my Saviour loved them,
And tender words about their beauty spake),
And golden buttercups, and glad-eyed daisies,
But just awake;

'Grass of the field' in waving, feath'ry beauty,
He clothed it with that grace, so fair but brief,
Mosses all soft and green, and crimson berry,
With glossy leaf.

While yet the dew is sparkling on the blossoms,
I'll gather them and lay them at His feet,
And make the blessed place where He is sleeping
All fair and sweet.

The birds will come, I know, and sing above him,
The sparrows whom He cared for when awake.
And they will fill the air with joyous music
For His dear sake.

And thinking thus, the night would soon be passing,
Fast drawing near that first glad Easter light.
Ah, Lord, if I could but have seen Thee leaving
The grave's dark night!

I would have kept so still, so still, and clasping
My hands together as I do in prayer,
I would have knelt, reverent, but oh, so happy!
Had I been there.

Perhaps He would have bent one look upon me;
Perhaps in pity for that weary night,
He would have laid on my uplifted forehead
A touch so light!

And all the rest of life I should have felt it,
A sacred sign upon my brow impressed,
And ne'er forgot that precious, lonely vigil,
So richly blest.

Dear Lord, through death and night I was not near thee;
But in thy risen glory can rejoice,
So, loud and glad in song this Easter morning,
Thou'lt hear my voice.

Religious News.

An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates College on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the larger interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Tenekijian, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Professor Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American Board in Eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

The growth of a real missionary spirit among the Indian Christians is manifest in the National Indian Missionary Society organized about three years ago. All its officers are active Christians, as also those by whom its operations are to be superintended and carried on. Each mission of the society is to be affiliated with some branch of the Christian Church in its vicinage. The first of these missions was started in the Punjab in Northwest India, and is affiliated with the Church of England. The second was in North India, and is affiliated with the Presbyterian Church of America. The Marathi Mission has offered the National Society a field between Ahmednagar and Sholapur districts, but work there has not yet been organized. Sunday, October 4, was a red-letter day in the history of the Christian community of Ahmednagar, for on that day the pastor of the First Church of that city, the largest Indian Christian church of western India, where about 1,300 people worship every Sunday, offered himself for missionary service in connection with the new society.—'Mission Herald.'

A Western exchange remarks: 'In Paris alone there are 50,000 drinking-places, and in 1906 there were in the provinces exactly 524,486 of them. That works out a tavern for every 20 male inhabitants of France. In the north of France there is a drinking-place for every 15 men. France has not yet awakened to the fearfulness of her state. While other nations are stirring the fires of temperance opposition, she is resting, apparently with no alarm, while the trade is on the increase. But the time will come when those people will rouse from their drunken stupor and snap the cords that are binding their country.' Opponents of total abstinence have declared that the wine-and-beer-drinking people of Europe show less drunkenness than the Saxon races. But it is now appearing that these are suffering from serious evils in consequence of regularly partaking of intoxicants.

A Celebrated Easter Solo.

Lovers of good music will be delighted to find that the triumphant Easter song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' from Handel's great oratorio, 'The Messiah,' hitherto to be obtained only in copies of the entire work, or in expensive sheet music form, is to appear, words and music complete, in the Easter (April) number of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which will be ready about April 1, and will cost, for the whole issue, only 10 cents. Further particulars of the contents of this Special Easter Number will be found on another page.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A. White, Guelph, Ont., $5.00; Mrs. A. M. Campbell, Ewart, Man., $1.00; J. S. M., New Glasgow, N.S., $5.00; Mrs. T. E. Keen, Dubois, Pa., 50cts.; Robt. Curle, Toronto, $1.00; H. Jackson, Metlakatle, B.C., $1.00; A Friend, Amherst, N.S., $2.50; A Friend, Churchill, $2.00; Jas. Scott, $1.00; Total	$ 19.00
Received for the cots:—Jas. Cairns, Chesley, Ont., $1.00; Home Dept. Pomeroy Union Sunday School, per A. M. Bell, $5.00; A Friend, Churchill, $2.00; Total	$ 8.00
Received for the komatik:—W. H., Somenos, B.C.	.25
Previously acknowledged for all purposes	$ 1,925.82
Total on hand March 23	$ 1,953.07

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

Easter Thoughts.

In the Oriental Church a special salutation is used for Easter morning. Men meeting on the street or at church say: 'Christ is risen!' The answer comes back: 'He is risen indeed!' The custom springs from recognition of a perpetual need for Christians to remind one another of the meaning of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. 'Jesus has risen!' He has proved death impotent, and, with death, all other enemies of which death is the type. He has placed the supreme mark of power upon His promise to give life to His followers.

All Christians, but in especial degree those engaged in missionary work at home and abroad, need to make this meaning of Easter present and fruitful in their thoughts. Otherwise the possibility that life shall spring where death has been may lose power to dominate thought.

A few weeks ago we could see a phenomenal action by a country farmer. Ice covered the roads and thick snow the fields, but the farmer was driving a slowly moving team through the snow, and evenly distributing fertilizers upon that chill surface. In that man's house was a stir of preparation. They were mending harness, and clearing up, and putting in order plows, harrows, and other implements, though the soil was like rock in the grip of winter; they were getting ready seed for planting, though soil for planting could not be seen because of the snow and ice. The earth was cold and dead. The driving winds kept it so; the bare branches, rattling like skeletons, proclaimed the death unyielding. Yet these people prepared, as if pressed for time, to break up soil and plant seed. Here was an act of sublime faith, none the less notable because it is based on experience.

As the weeks go on this faith takes on a jubilant note in that farmer's house. The trees are still bare and dry, the winds are still icy, the ground is yet cold. But one day the whole family runs at the call of the mother to see a bluebird! On another day the children go out, like Noah's dove, to search the land, and the whole house joins in their joy when they bring back handfuls of pussy-willows. These are tokens that their faith is not vain in the power of the sun and the reviving of what seems dead. These signs assure them that shortly the whole land will be filled with the beauty of growth, and they are glad.

Let this Easter time be to the seed-sowers of the Gospel of Christ a remembrance of Him who lives and has declared that He will give life to men. Let it be a reminder that the Sun of Righteousness can melt the coldest and most stony heart. Let it be a token that what He has said certainly comes to pass, so that there should be no question as to whether missions pay. His word proves that they are going to pay. Let this time be to us a parable of what we are bound to do in missions, although the frozen ground says that wintry fruitlessness is permanent. We are bound to go on with our provision for working the soil and sowing the seed because He who is Master has promised the harvest. Let it be a parable to us, too, concerning attention to the forerunners of the new life, that we may rejoice over them. The children go out seeking catkins because they know from experience that spring will come. Let us who believe in God and have had experience of His power in our missions at home and abroad watch for tokens of the awakening, telling one another, with joy, of every sign that it is near, and working our fields in trust that the awakening will end the dominion of death.

The lesson of Easter to Christians in respect to missions is: Believe, desire with joyful anticipation, and labor as those do who believe and anticipate. For Jesus Christ will bring to pass that great change which He came to earth to begin. He lives, and He will do it!—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Mills of God.

The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small,
So soft and slow the great wheels go, they scarcely move at all;
But the souls of men fall into them, and are powdered into dust,
And in the dust grow sweet white flowers—
Love—Hope—Trust.

Eagerness to Teach Others.

A lady missionary in Uganda writes: 'So far as school is concerned the greatest event has been the teachers' examination. I have never in my life seen half the amount of excitement over an examination! All the candidate teachers for the women went up, and my monitresses were admitted by courtesy. The cramming beforehand was pathetic and comical, too. The teachers of the various classes of candidates had their pupils up for final revision as early as six o'clock some mornings. Wherever one went on Namirembe Hill one came across candidates, each with head propped by hands, studying her Gospels or Prayer Book, or whatever subject she felt "would have her" on the day; and I was beseiged with questions as to Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gergesa, Gadara, and so on. Some of them were shaking with anxiety. And all this, be it known, in order that they might be declared fit to teach classes in preparation for baptism, and without a farthing of pay. The women were examined orally in groups of five or six each afternoon, till they were finished (there were about forty-five in all). They write so very slowly that this was the only way: all had the same questions, and were in honor bound not to tell; and they kept the secret nobly. "Now you must not tempt those who have been examined," said Miss Chidwick to those who were waiting. "Tempt them," said they, with fine scorn, "will they come within a mile of us?" Under fifty-five percent was "failure," and I am afraid some failed!'

—The 'Cottager and Artisan.'

The Lord is Risen Indeed

(By Richard Watson Gilder.)

'Why seek ye the living among the dead?
He is not here, but is risen.'—Luke xxiv., 5-6.

When in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight,
All dressed in dazzling white,
Who unto the women said,
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the self-same way
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb;
To you, as to them, was it said,
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, or the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,
'Why seek ye the living among the dead?'

—Selected.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Eight new recruits for the League this week, and all but one of them from Ontario. Five of them come in a sort of club together, a splendid way. These are Grace Burnett, Louie Gilham, Gladys Jeffery, Irene Belknap, and Bertha Crandel, all of P. A., Ont. Our other new members are Maggie Glenn, S., Man.; M. Woodroffe, B., Ont., and Gordon Stewart, F., Ont.

T. B., Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—This is only a very small village which we live in. Our grandfather lives with us. We have only one aunt alive, and only one grandmother. We have four goats and seven fowls and one gull. My father keeps the post office here. Our preacher preaches here every three weeks. We have no teacher here now. We only get one every twelve months, and she will teach us three children.

MEDIAM ROBBINS.

P. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' has been in our family for a long time, and we think it is a very nice paper. I go to the Baptist Sunday School, as I am a member of the mission band. I want to be a missionary when I am older. My father is superintendent of our Sunday School. My friend Hazel L. sits right behind me in school and is going to send a letter with this one. We live right near Lake Erie, and in the summer we go boating and swimming. Father took us up to Sugar Loaf in our car nearly every Friday night last summer to go in bathing, as there is a fine sand bar there. This winter the lake was frozen solid and you could skate right out to the new elevator. At the grove we could coast down a hill and go right on the lake. Here are some riddles:—1. What key prevails at Thanksgiving? 2. Pray, tell us ladies, if you can, who is that highly favored man, who, though he's married many a wife, may be a bachelor all his life?

MARY S.

A. C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have a lot of willow and spruce trees around our house, and they make a nice shade in summer. I have no brothers or sisters, but we have a little girl living with us. We had good skating for a while, but a lot of snow came and spoiled it all. I will close with the answer to Alice M. Elliot's riddle (March 5) —She could not eat the door.

ELMA INMAN (age 12).

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school in winter, but my mamma teaches me at home. My little playmates are Nettie Cameron, Pearl Hughes, and Gladys Gamble. There are only nine children going to my school. I used to be the only little girl in the school, and it was pretty lonesome, but now there are four little girls coming.

OLIVE V. BLAIR.

R. P., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell about my kitty. Her color is grey and white. I named her Pettie, and she is very cunning. I feed her with a spoon and she will hold a spoon in her paws and will drink out of it herself. She looks very cute.

MARGARET McEACHERN.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My watch which I got from you is just as good as when new. It is a splendid time-keeper. I thought I would write a third time, for I think I have only written twice. We played pull-away at school the other day and broke the wire we used in pulling.

MACKLEM H. LEARN.

V. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. My sister Elsie gave it to me for a Christmas present. My father keeps a grocery store. I like it very much, because I can get lots of candies.

MARGARET MACLAURIN.

M., P.Que.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of the 'Messenger' for a long time. I subscribed for it five years when I lived in the country, and now in the city I get it from the Sunday School. I thought I would write a little letter and send a drawing. I am thirteen years old, and have been in bed for a year and a half, but am getting a little better now. I have no pets as some have, but I have a cute little brother just two years old.

C. G. RICHARDSON.

C., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I came here from Montreal last August. My papa owns a farm here. We have two nice horses and two cows. I have a little kitten and its name is Patty. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We like to read the Sunday School lesson, because there is no Sunday School here. I like living in the country very much.

KENNETH R. BEATY.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Kenneth. Glad to hear from you. Ed.]

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not written for nearly a year, but I am as lively as ever, and and a worse rough rider than before. I ride out for the mail every night, and sometimes it is rather dark. My twenty-five year old colt is getting feeble these days and can't go as fast as I would like, but he still bosses the ranch. I have had five snares set for rabbits and am going to turn hunter. I shall close now.

FRED BERGMAN.

D. B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We had a freshet here lately, and it did much damage, by making washouts on the railway. The wreck train had to go over the line and repair damages so the regular trains could run again. We have an organ, but I do not take music lessons yet, but hope to soon. I have a dear little kitten who is a little mischief, and he is always full of fun, and he often will try to make you play with him. I also have other pets.

JEAN WOODWORTH (age 11).

S., Man.

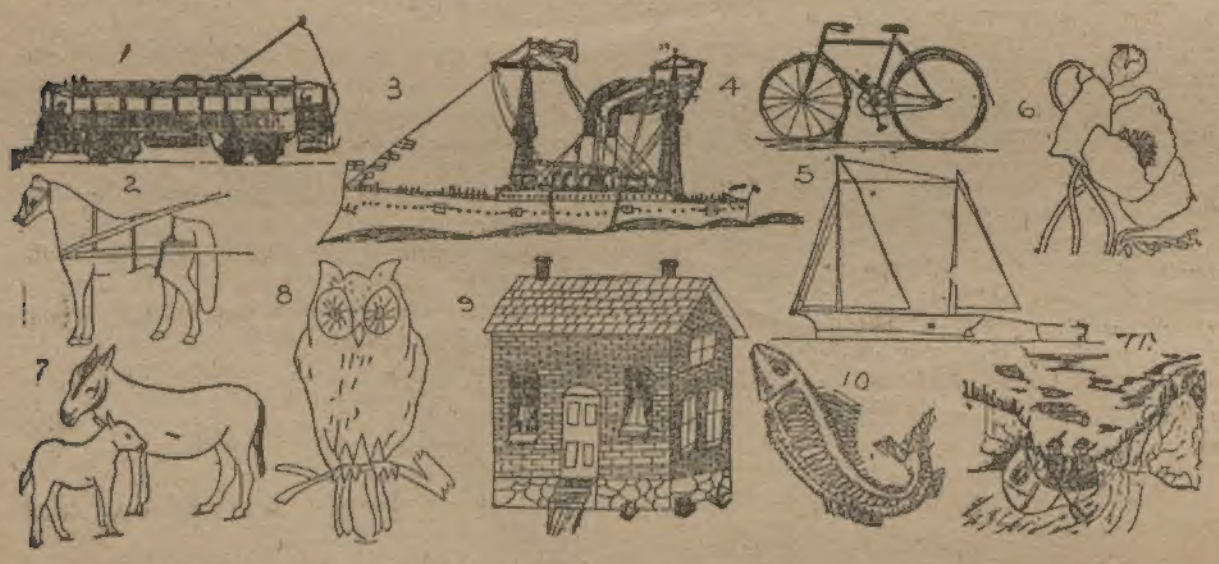
Dear Editor,—My papa was reading me some of the letters from the boys and girls and telling me about the pledge, so I thought I would like to write and sign the pledge, too. I will try to keep it, too. I like going to school, but I have not gone since Christmas, for mamma has been sick.

MAGGIE GLENN.

N., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am delighted with the dolls' patterns you sent me. I have made three suits for my dolls since I got them. It is three years since we came to the West from East Templeton. We have very little snow here. The wheels have been running all winter and the cattle and horses grazing on the prairie.

EDNA CAMPBELL (age 8).



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Dundas Car.' Elden Bell, Toronto.
2. 'My Horse Jack.' Isabel E. Sutherland (aged 11), P., N.S.
3. 'Battleship.' Lester Lawson, S., N.S.
4. 'A Bicycle.' Robert Erle Wightman (aged 9), Toronto.
5. 'A Schooner.' Douglas Borden (aged 8), A., Ont.
6. 'A Poppy.' Annie Kreiss (aged 12), A., Ont.
7. 'Donkey and Foal.' Ruth Williams (aged 9), M. M., Mich.
8. 'Owl.' Lindsay Atkinson (aged 8), U., Que.
9. 'House.' Mabel Williams (aged 8), E., Ont.
10. 'A Fish.' May Rupert, N. L., Ont.
11. 'The Voyageurs.' Norman Whitfield (aged 12), A., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Luella Robinson, C. C., Ont., sends a riddle which has been asked before, however.

Mary T. Strachan, I., C.B., wants to join the Royal League of Kindness. Just write out the pledge, Mary, sign and send it to us, and you will be a member.

Jean Longworth, C., P.E.I., asks: 'Which has the greater number of legs, a cat, or no cat?' Jean says 'We have a tennis court here and play lawn tennis in the summer.'

Kathleen H. F., B., Ont., writes 'I am signing the R. L. of K. pledge and hope I can follow it. I think it is very nice. We are having fine weather now and hope we will start making maple syrup soon.' You did not send in your pledge, Kathleen.

Marjorie Hood, H., Ont., has 'lots of fun sleigh-riding. We have a little pup called Tim, and we are teaching him to draw us on the handsleigh.'

Annie Clara Steeves, M., N.B., likes to write letters. 'Sometimes I write to my little cousin in Riverherbert.'

Etta K., F., Ont., lives on a farm 'and I like to gather the eggs.'

Annie M. Thomson, A., Mich., has not missed a day at school this year.

Grace, Delma, Ont., does not go to school now 'because it is so far away.'

Pearl Moss, L. J., Ont., says 'I have a dear little chum here and we have lots of fun.'

We also received short letters from Jennie and Sadie Findlay, S. O., Que.; Elsie Dinsmore, F., Ont.; Edith Buchanan, A., Ont., and Grace Burnett, P. A., Ont.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 18, 1909.

The Conversion of Saul.

Acts ix., 1-19. Memory verses 15, 16. Read Acts ix., 1-30.

Golden Text.

He fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Acts ix., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 12.—Acts ix., 1-16.
Tuesday, April 13.—Acts ix., 17-30.
Wednesday, April 14.—Acts xxii., 1-15.
Thursday, April 15.—II. Cor. xi., 21-33.
Friday, April 16.—Gal. i., 11-24.
Saturday, April 17.—I. Tim. i., 12-17.
Sunday, April 18.—Eph. ii., 1-10.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Can any one tell me the story about Stephen that we studied not long ago? There was another man there whose name began with S who was helping those wicked men who were stoning Stephen, and can any one tell me who that was? It was Saul about whom we are to study in our lesson to-day. He was only a young man then but he was quite old enough to know what it means to love and hate, and he hated the Christians very bitterly. As soon as he could arrange it after Stephen was killed he planned with the High Priest and Jewish rulers what he thought would be a good way of stopping people from being Christians any more. He went round into every house hunting for the Christians, and all that he found he carried away and put into prison. I suppose he thought that people would soon be too frightened to let anybody know that they were Christians, but was he right? No, indeed. Instead of keeping quiet and hiding themselves the Christians went round into all the towns and villages and preached to everybody. But Paul seems to have been just as determined as the Christians, and so one day when he heard that there were a lot of Christians now in a city about one hundred and forty miles away and that they were growing in numbers quickly, he started out to make them prisoners there, too. Our lesson tells how he came to do just the very opposite. You read the title of our lesson, Will. What does that big word 'conversion' mean? Jack says it means 'to be a Christian.' Well, in a sense that is, of course, true; that is what Saul's 'conversion' meant to him. But we can illustrate it very easily so that we all ought to be able to understand it: You stand up, Jack, and look at me. Now if I say 'right about face' what would you do? 'Turn and face the other way,' of course. That's just what 'conversion' means—to turn and face the other way. Instead of looking at evil, to look at the good, instead of always looking out for yourself, to look to Jesus and help other people. It's a straight turning about and going the other way, and we are to study to-day how Saul who once hated the Christians and persecuted them, came to love them and be one of them himself.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Other portions of the Bible that should be thoroughly studied in connection with to-day's lesson are the accounts given in Paul's own words of both his conversion and the events immediately following as found in Acts xxii., 3-21; xxvi., 4-21; Gal. i., 11-24. These are most instructive and give with the lesson a very connected account of these important events. Hardly in the history of the world has there been a more discussed event than this of St. Paul's conversion. It is a strategic point in Christianity and has proven one of the hardest to assail. Nothing could account for the remarkable volte face of Paul unless some such startling occurrence as described in to-day's lesson actually took place. The importance attached to it by St. Luke is evident. Get the scholars to study the various accounts and point out the differences, the details given in one that are omitted in another. They should note that in the abbreviated account given by Paul before Agrippa considerable is left out, but that does not cast discredit on the portions omitted. Paul himself had given the fuller account not long before on the castle stairs (Acts xxii) and his passing over the fact that the fuller message of Christ came through Ananias (Acts xxvi., 16-18) was merely because he was impressing on Agrippa the influence that the vision had had and was not intending to go into full detail. In the account given in Acts xxii., verse 9 says 'they heard not the voice' which would seem to contradict verse 7 of our lesson, but it should be remembered that the meaning of 'hearing to understand' is rather intended in Acts xxii., 9, as the word is used in Mark iv., 33, John viii., 43. Compare this hearing of a voice but not hearing it 'as' a voice with John xii., 29. Some have questioned whether Paul on this occasion saw the Lord or only heard his voice, but from the words of Ananias (verse 17) and Barnabas (verse 27), and also from Paul's own claim (I. Cor. ix., 1; xv., 8, 9) it would seem that Paul was privileged to see the glorified Christ at this time in the person of the one who called himself 'Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' Christ's union with His church was one of Paul's earliest lessons. Verse 16 should be considered in connection with the fulfilment of this strange prophecy as given in II. Cor. xi., 23-33, and Paul's glory in its fulfilment (II. Cor. xii., 9, 10).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 1.—In the year that Ferdinand and Isabella furnished Columbus with the means to start forth to discover a new world, these Christian rulers of Spain issued a decree ordering the execution of any unbaptized Jew found in their country after one hundred and twenty days. In their zeal for the Christian religion they thought that in persecuting the Jews they were doing the will of God. A wealthy Jew offered them an enormous sum of money to be used for their kingdom if they would annul the decree. Fearing they might yield, the monk Torquemada, whom they had appointed Inquisitor-general of Spain, sought an interview with them, and holding up a crucifix exclaimed, 'Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Sell Him again for a higher price, and give to God an account of your bargain.' During sixteen years of Torquemada's rule, over eight thousand victims were given to the flames, ninety thousand were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and over eight hundred thousand Jews were expelled from Spain. All this was done in the name of Christ! As conscientious as these Christians of the fifteenth century in persecuting the Jews, was Saul the Jew of the first century in persecuting the Christians.

Verse 5.—Who Art Thou, Lord? 'Before any work for God always comes the vision of God,' says Dr. W. H. P. Faunce. 'I have had men say to me, "Didn't Paul's Christian life begin with the question 'What wilt Thou have me to do?'" No, it did not; no Christian life begins with that question. It begins with the question, "Who art Thou Lord?" When Paul had settled that it was the risen Christ who appeared to him, then came the much easier question, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"'

When for three years Jesus had been teaching His disciples and His work was nearly finished, when His thoughts were turned toward Jerusalem and His approaching death, He took them with Him on His last northward journey, and at Caesarea Philippi He asked them whom others said that He was, and then suddenly put to them the great personal question, 'Whom say ye that I am?' Peter answered for them all. Sure and true came his 'great confession,' 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'

There are those who see in Christ a great historic character, the ideal man of the human race; there are those who regard Him as only a dreamy, impracticable man; there are those who have no definite convictions whatever in regard to Him, who never answered for themselves the question, 'Whom say ye that I am?' It is the great question which every one must answer at some time or other, and, answered rightly,—'The acknowledgement of God in Christ,' as Browning says—'Solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it.'

Mr. Darwin had often expressed to me his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians. I had always replied that I did not believe any human beings too low to comprehend the simple message of the gospel of Christ. After many years he wrote to me that the recent account of the mission showed that he had been wrong and I right, and he requested me to forward to the Society an enclosed check for five pounds as a testimony of his interest in their good work.—Admiral Sir James Sullivan.

The great change in conversion is wrought on the will, and consists in the resignation of that to Christ.—Matthew Henry.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 18.—Topic—The angel at the iron gate. Acts xii., 5-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, April 12.—A day of rest. Ex. xx., 8-11.

Tuesday, April 13.—A day of worship. Isa. lviii., 13, 14.

Wednesday, April 14.—A day of holy memories. John xx., 19-23.

Thursday, April 15.—A day of loving service. Mark iii., 1-6.

Friday, April 16.—The outcast's day. Isa. lvi., 3-8.

Saturday, April 17.—A pattern for all days. Rom. xiv., 5-12.

Sunday, April 18.—Topic—Why we observe the Lord's day. Mark xvi., 1-6; Acts xx., 7; I. Cor. xvi., 2; Rev. i., 10.

Properly regarded, there is no work so glorious in its nature as imparting a knowledge of the word of God to others. To say the least, it means the implanting of eternal truth and the instilling of right principles in the child mind. More than that, it means the salvation of a precious soul, for as Paul says the Scriptures are able to make wise unto salvation. It follows, therefore, that no one can engage in so high and holy a task without feeling that he is enlisted in a most sacred service—indeed the most exalted task God has ever committed to human hands. And what a sense of sweet satisfaction that person must have who realizes keenly the blessedness of the work in which he is engaged.—Selected.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Resurrection.

(A. M. L., in 'The Christian.')

Little brown buds on the tips of the trees,
Swaying about in the icy-cold breeze,
Wrapped up so tightly you scarcely can freeze,
Are ye the heralds of spring?

Little brown buds buried deep in the ground,
Sending your leaves through the clods that surround,
Quietly working, with never a sound,
Blooms to perfection to bring.

Little brown chrysalides, hidden from sight,
Waiting for sunshine's beneficent might,
Soon to burst forth into radiance bright,
Gladsome as bird on the wing!

Dearly loved sleepers, laid down in the earth!
Buried with you all our light-hearted mirth!
Ye, too, are waiting a glorious birth,
Christ's Resurrection to sing.

Bright Sun of Righteousness, shine through our gloom!
Teach us that Life only 'sleeps' in the tomb,
Soon to awake in more glorious bloom,
Since Thou hast vanquished Death's sting.

Shine in our hearts, blessed Sunlight of love;
Lighten our darkness, as earth-lights remove,
Waiting Thy promise to come from above,
Joyfullest Springtime to bring!

A Cuban Easter Offering.

(By Mrs. John B. Wood.)

Why so many live hens were carried into the little Cuban town of Jaruco three or four days before Easter was a problem. They came every way, across horse's backs and under people's arms. These hens were promptly put to 'sit' in boxes and stuffed with as many bits of meat and as much corn meal, seasoned with red pepper, as they could accommodate. The problem might, however, have been solved by Senora Lutgardia, for had she not, sitting peacefully in the patio of the El Faro Mission House, overheard the small Angelita holding forth to a dozen or more little girls gathered in the mission parlor to play with the wonderful dolls sent by kind friends in the States:

'You know,' Angelita said, 'Miss Woody told us Easter was a time to make joyful offerings, because Christ had risen from the grave. We should do all the good we can, then, for people we love. Now, I propose we bring all the eggs we can get to the mission!'

'Where can we get eggs?' asked little Carlotta. 'We have no hens.'

'Ask your father to get one from the country, can't you?' replied Angelita. And as the grave little head shook a negation sadly, added: 'Well, for those to whom eggs do not come they can bring flowers to our Master.'

'Are the dolls to be brought?' asked an anxious small voice.

'But, surely,' replied Angelita, the leader, 'and because there are not enough to go round we must sometimes lend. I will let,' with a gracious air, 'some of you hold Maria,' squeezing a large tow-head lady to her heart. So it was decided that each child bring as many eggs and plants as possible. Miss Woody was to be coaxed to let them dress the mission room all by themselves, and then they would ask the teachers in and present the beautiful gifts. Pledged to secrecy, the little girls put the dolls to sleep and went home, not noticing the presence of Senora Lutgardia as she sat behind the wall and the tall coleus.

On the Saturday before Easter Sunday busy little fingers twined long wreaths of the 'Christmas Flowers' and arranged bouquets of the pure white disks of the moonflower over every available picture, framed as they already were, in the bright red spines of the century plant that made the hedges along the road. A large dish of perfect Marechal Niel roses, with buds too heavy to be supported on the slender stems, glowed in golden sweetness amid their light green leaves upon the center table. The little girls had much discussion as to how to do all unknown to the kind ladies of the mission, but way was cleared by Miss Woody, saying casually that all the teachers would be away that particular afternoon. This from Lutgardia.

Clusters of the exquisite coffee blossoms, with their drooping white flowers and dark green feathery foliage, hung round the windows, and many pots of plants decorated the room, for to some little pupils hens had been an unattainable good. All the children except little dark-eyed Anita were assembled. Because she came not Angelita's round face clouded.

'I want to sing some hymns and have a little prayer meeting,' she said, 'to sort of dedicate our Easter offering, you know, before the teachers come, but we can't go on without Anita. I wish she'd hurry.' It must be understood that one form of mission work at 'El Faro' is the Children's Work Social held Saturday afternoon, a function which the dear little maids on this blessed occasion resolved into a prayer meeting under Angelita's guidance. Angelita, before the adult choir was formed, led much of the singing in the regular services of the mission, but since the choir's organization she devoted her sweet voice to the children's societies. Had she known how Anita herself ached to hurry her earnest brow would not have been so grave.

In a little outhouse Anita stood patiently watching a large black hen.

'You know you always do lay at this time,' she said, 'and I can't take four eggs unless you hurry. Do be quick; I must go. They don't wait for me; besides, they will get all the dolls, and how can I sing hymns without Maria to hug?' The hen eyed her imperturbably; Anita looked at the hen, then she stamped. 'Oh, well!' she exclaimed, desperately, 'I know you will lay, and if you can't do it here you shall there,' and she flew with both hands at the surprised hen, crammed her into a palm-leaf basket and went flying up to 'El Faro,' holding the basket tight by its slender string.

'Here I am!' she exclaimed, 'just wait till I put this stupid hen into Miss Woody's room; she won't care. I must have four eggs, and I only have three. They are beauties, though,' and she proudly added them to the already full basket.

'It's time we begin our hymns,' said Angelita; 'I've kept Maria for you, but you were so late I thought you would never get here. Here's Maria.'

'It was all the hen,' said Anita, hugging joyfully to her heart the flaxen-headed beauty. The sweet, childish voices, led by Angelita, rang out in the beautiful hymns taught them by Mr. Clark and others of the mission, and after singing several Angelita laid down her book, saying, as her young face grew reverent:

'We have time for a prayer meeting before the teachers come. Prayers and praises, too, for Mr. Clark says the Bible tells us to always praise and give thanks before we ask for anything more, and,' continuing her little speech rather shyly, 'I want us all to give the dear God thanks for the mission and ask Him that friends in the States will send us more workers and help, that the good news may be told in every town about Jesus.'

'Oh, stop, stop a minute,' cried Anita, as they were about to kneel; 'do wait until I can see my hen, for——' expressing what many another has found to be true, 'I can pray so much better when I have offered all I have.' Flying to Miss Woody's room, she softly opened the door, nearly screaming with delight when she saw on the bed as lovely a pinky white egg, delicately transparent and warm, as hen ever laid. Senora Blacky was circumspectly picking her steps over the white counterpain with intention of finding a way out of this unusual, and, to her mind, inappropriate, abode. On Anita's entrance she paused, head on one side, and her leg upraised, considering the sudden intruder, but Anita's spring put deliberation to flight. Astonished and protesting the annoyed hen flew over Anita's head, out through the open door and into the quiet patio. There, amid the coleus plants and gourd vines, she recovered her equanimity and marched about with satisfied cackle.

'Now, we're ready,' announced Anita, but Angelita was disturbed by a rustle in one corner of the room; she raised her head, asking, 'what is the matter?'

'Violetta won't kneel; I never saw such a doll,' almost sobbed a tiny child; 'her knees won't bend, she is so stiff.'

'Lay her flat on her face,' promptly spoke Anita. 'The Bible says people got down on their faces.' So comforted, the little group began the prayer meeting, and when the teachers arrived a score of bright Easter faces showed the beautiful eggs and no less beautiful flowers, and Senora Blacky was fed and much stroked as she made her way home in the basket.—Selected.

Miss Lovina's Easter.

(Mabel Earle, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'I've borne with him and borne with him,' Lovina Karsters averred, keeping grim watch over the kettle wherein her Easter eggs were boiling. 'I tell you, bishop, you haven't any idea "how" I've borne with Billy.'

'Haven't I?' said the bishop.

Miss Lovina looked up suddenly, and dashed away an angry tear.

'I didn't mean that,' she said. 'If there's a living being next to Almighty God, in all these camps and prospect-holes and ranches out here, that knows "all" about us; it's you. You know every foot of country from Quartz City to Dead Timber, and from Snowbird to Kingfisher. And what's more, you know the lives of the folks, inside and out, with their go-to-meeting clothes on, and their overalls and jumpers, too. But, bishop, you haven't ever been a single woman keeping house in a log cabin, and you "don't" know what it is to be a sister of Billy Karsters.'

'No,' said the bishop, 'I don't.'

He left the plaid-cushioned rocking-chair where he had been sitting beside Miss Lovina's work-basket, and walked across the room to the window, peering out between the geraniums blossoming there to the shaft-houses of the Kingfisher mines, across the gulch.

'I don't know all that it means to be a sister of Billy Karsters,' he went on after a moment. 'I know a part of what it has meant. It has meant patience, and self-denial, and fortitude, and the charity which suffereth long and is kind——'

'My stars alive!' Miss Lovina wisked the kettle of eggs to the back of the stove, and slammed the griddle into place with ferocious energy. 'Don't! Don't you say another word. I've told Billy he shouldn't live under this roof again, and there's an end of it.'

Miss Lovina dashed away another tear. The bishop still stood looking out between the geraniums, with his hands clasped behind his back. It was a sign of profound cogitation when the bishop stood with his hands clasped behind him.

'I've borne it when he went off to Mullins's and gambled away every cent of his month's pay in one night,' Miss Lovina continued. 'I've borne it when he got so intoxicated he fell off the seat of his waggon, and the superintendent fired him, and only took him back because I went and pleaded for him. I've borne it when he skipped out, and was gone for days and nights together, nobody knew where. Folks say he's been better since I came out here to look after him, and he had a home to belong to; but land knows what he must have been like before I came, if that's true! But I got to the end of my patience last night, when he sat down in that basket of eggs I was all ready to color for the Sunday school. I wish you'd seen his overalls, bishop! And you know how scarce eggs are in Kingfisher, and what I had to pay for another lot of them. I cleaned him up once more, and then I said to him: "This is the last time, Billy Karsters. You can 'go'," I said; "and don't let me see you darken that door again."'

The bishop's broad shoulders shook. He kept his face carefully turned toward the geraniums.

'"It's the last straw," I told him. "You'll be just as well off now as you were before I came. Go and live in some shack with some of your cronies, and I'll be better off without you." So he picked up his hat, and went off without a word. Billy knows when I say a thing, I mean it.'

'Billy wants to ask your pardon,' the bishop remarked after a long silence. 'He wants to come back. I saw him down on Main Street just before I came up here.'

'He can't come,' said Miss Lovina.

'I think, if I were in your place,'—the bishop turned now, facing the sore-hearted woman who bent above her kettle of eggs,—'I think I would let him come back. Billy is only a boy, Miss Lovina. He's been doing better lately. It was an accident about the eggs, I'm sure. Suppose you let me go and find him, and tell him to come up here to supper.'

'He can't come,' Miss Lovina repeated. 'When I say a thing, I mean it.'

The bishop knew Billy Karsters's sister well enough to say no more. He stayed at the cabin a little while longer, praising the vivid blue and crimson eggs which Miss Lovina displayed, and asking her whether she was going to spare a few of her geraniums to decorate the room above Thompson's store for the services which were to be held next day. Then he took his way down the hill again, a royal figure between the stumps of half-cleared pines; and Miss Lovina looked after the white hair beneath his shovel-hat as it moved away, and cried again.

The bishop went about his duties for the rest of the afternoon with a saddened heart. He had been fond of scape-grace Billy Karsters from the time when the boy had walked up to shake hands with him after a service held during one of his visits to Kingfisher three years earlier. It was through the bishop's influence that Billy had written home to his sister, and begged her to join him in the mining-camp.

The afternoon was growing late, and the bishop was walking slowly along the upper hill-path toward the Company boarding-house, when somebody working on the flume, a few rods to the right of the path, waved a cap toward him in greeting. The bishop struck off toward the flume, looking forward to a chat with some one of his friends among the workmen. His heart sank when he saw that the man was Billy Karsters.

'I didn't mean for you to come over here, bishop,' said Billy. 'I was just a-saying, "How d'ye do?" Been up yonder yet?' He waved his cap again toward the cabin of Miss Lovina.

'Yes,' I have been there,' the bishop answered. 'I'm afraid you must wait a little longer, Billy.'

The boy turned back to his task, with disappointment in every line of his face. He was working with another man upon the roofing of the flume, which carried an unusually large volume of water, swift and strong in current from its heavy fall, for the use of the smelters five miles down the gulch.

'That flume is larger than I ever realized,' said the bishop. 'I reckon a man could drown in it if he happened to fall in.'

'You bet he could,' Billy answered. 'Go slow there, Robinson. That plank isn't safe.'

There was a sudden splash, and a cry. Robinson struggled shoulder-deep in the water, clutching wildly at the planks above his head. His hands were slipping as the fierce current swept him on, when Billy Karsters caught his wrists, and dragged him up. Just as Robinson grasped one of the uprights at the side of the flume, the loose plank upon which Billy stood turned and slid away beneath his feet. The boy dropped out of sight in the water, whirled on under the roofing.

Robinson drew himself up to safety, half dazed by the suddenness with which it had all occurred. The bishop was running southward at the edge of the flume where it hugged the hillside, shouting and waving his shovel-hat toward another workman who was busy on the roofing some hundreds of yards below. Comprehending in some way from the bishop's frantic signals what must be done, the man threw aside the planks which he was preparing to nail down, and, stooping over, grasped at Billy's blue blouse as the current whirled it past. He could do no more than hold the boy's dead weight until the bishop reached him, and helped him lift the lad, unconscious as he was, to the moss and pine needles of the hillside.

There was a gash on Billy's forehead where the fierce water had hurled him against some projecting beam. The bishop's face, as he knelt with his hand beneath the torn and dripping blouse, looked graver than any man in Kingfisher had ever seen it before.

'Run for the doctor, man, fast as your feet will carry you' he said. And, while the other workman sped away, Robinson came up, shivering but energetic, and together with the bishop did all that could be done for the life of Billy Karsters.

'He's not drowned,' said the doctor, reaching that strange group on the hillside. 'He's beginning to breathe again. If there was any water in his lungs, you've got it out. I don't know about that gash. It looks bad, on the temple there. We'll have to take him somewhere.'

'To his cabin,' said the bishop, although the boarding-house was nearer.

They carried the boy up the hill to Miss Lovina's door. At sight of him she put her hands before her eyes for one moment, retreating dizzily toward the inner room of the cabin. Then she came forward, practical and collected as ever, bringing out of her scanty supplies such restoratives as were at hand.

The bishop stayed at the cabin that night,

BILLY CAUGHT HIS WRISTS AND DRAGGED HIM UP.

while the doctor worked over Billy. Once, in the evening, Miss Lovina caught sight of the basket of Easter eggs, set aside in readiness for the morrow; and the quiet, firm woman cried out with an exceeding bitter cry:

'Oh, my boy! my little baby brother! I used to make them for him when he wasn't out of his little short dresses, and it was because of them that I sent him away.'

'Hush!' said the doctor's voice at the door of the other room. 'I may be wrong, but I think he's coming to himself.'

Billy's sister crept up to his bed, and dropped on her knees. The boy stirred, and put out one hand feebly.

'Loviny,' he said.

'He'll be all right,' the doctor told her an hour later. 'You'll have to keep him quiet for a while. You can have him to yourself, and nurse him, and pet him. That will suit you, I know. What in the world are you crying about? Brace up there, and make us a cup of tea. The bishop and I haven't had a bite of supper.'

It was twelve o'clock when the bishop went down the hill again. The paschal moon had come up over the mountains, riding full and glorious above the black tops of the far-off pines. On one arm the bishop carried a basket of blue and crimson Easter eggs; upon the other, a big blossoming geranium wrapped in newspaper.

'If you'll take them now, I'll be certain that you have them in time to-morrow,' Miss Lovina had said, pressing them upon him apologetically. 'I might not have anybody to send them by, and I wouldn't miss their being there, not for worlds. I can't be in church myself to-morrow, but the Lord knows I'll be keeping Easter up here beside Billy's bunk.'

The bishop looked out at the paschal moon, across the top of the big geranium, and smiled peacefully to himself as he trudged along.

'Not with the old leaven of malice,' he thought. 'The good Lord knew how to arrange for Miss Lovina's Easter.'

EASTER LILIES

—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

Although not their birthplace, Bermuda has been regarded as the home of the Easter lily, the so-called Bermuda lily having been brought from the Orient between two hundred and three hundred years ago by some pirate captains in the islands. Through generations of care and cultivation it has been passed on from father to son until the Bermuda lily has become one of the household gods of the planters.

The lilies grow in small, detached fields, in pleasant hollows of the juniper and oleander clad hills. But although these fields are small they are numerous. A bird's eye view of the islands would present a mass of tiny garden plots, white-walled roads and little white houses and a profusion of semi-tropical growth. Through the advantages of the climate and the readiness of the dark red soil the rose and the lily grow in wild luxuriance. It requires only a man or woman with ordinary skill to make the ground blossom like the famed pomegranate.

Frosts and extreme heat are unknown. Night has a heavy dew, and in the day showers pass over the islands, being absorbed by the soil and porous coral rock. In the sheltered parts flowers grow all the year round, and it is not unusual for the plants to bear three crops of lilies in a single year.

EASTER IN ALGIERS.

Easter Offerings

Bessie's Easter gift was to be a beautiful spray of white lilies. She was on her way to the church, and at the proper time, during the children's Easter service that afternoon, she would go up to the altar, with the others of her class, and place her spray of lilies in the cross that was to receive a flower, or cluster of flowers, from each child. She had started from home early, for mother had asked her to stop at the rectory and tell Mrs. Mansfield, the rector's wife, that she would call for her in time for the afternoon service.

'I wish I could go,' said Mrs. Mansfield, 'but nurse is away, and there is no one to stay with Dorry.'

A thought came to Bessie. It was a bitter struggle, but she looked up with clear, steady eyes, and said that she would stay with Dorry during the service.

'Yours was a sweeter Easter offering than any of ours', said the rector.

'But I didn't give mine,' said Bessie. 'My dear child,' answered the rector, 'a self-denying heart that cheerfully gives up its own pleasure for the sake of another is a far sweeter offering than thousands of lilies.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Arthur's Easter Eggs.

Arthur had been lying on a lounge for three weeks, for he had broken his leg. It is very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day, but it gives him a very good chance to show a patient and sweet-tempered spirit. Arthur's mamma and all his friends were doing whatever they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him and told him stories. They brought him pictures and flowers and fruit and nuts.

'What have you got for me?' he asked one day in a fretful voice.

His mamma had just come in. She showed him something in a little box.

'What are they?' asked Arthur.

'Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!'

They were lovely. Each one was colored all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

'They are for you and your little sister,' said his mother. 'I will let you have your choice because you have to keep still. Which do you like best?'

'I want them all,' said Arthur, putting up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Arthur was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed, the more people tried to be kind to him, the more cross and selfish he seemed to become.

'Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?' asked his mother.

'No-o-o-o,' whined Arthur.

'See!' said mamma, taking up one of the eggs. 'Do you remember when you went to find wild flowers last Spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made all things beautiful for children, and He wishes them to love one another.'

'I'll give Jessie two,' said Arthur, 'and I'll have four.'

'Very well,' said mamma, 'Which will you keep?'

She felt sorry when she saw how careful he was to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the dullest and plainest for his sister.

Next morning a cheery voice cried, 'Good morning, brother!' and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving kiss. 'See!' she said, 'mamma has given me two Easter eggs. I'll give one to you, Arthur—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Arthur!'

Oh, how ashamed Arthur felt as his little sister offered him the prettier of the two eggs, chatting all the time!

'Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And He loved little children; and wants them to love one another.'

'Jessie!' said Arthur, 'I'll take your eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them.'

She had to, for Arthur insisted. His gentle little sister had taught him a lesson. She then ran to the garden for a few snowdrops to put beside his plate, and brought them to him singing like a bird:

'I am so glad that Jesus loves me.'

—Selected.

EASTER CHICKS.

—Our 'Little Dots.'

The Vagrant Easter Chickens.

(Child's Companion.')

There were twenty of them; twenty fluffy, feathery little creatures of black and yellow.

Born almost on the same day, they were nearly of a size. They were all born in a drawer, and chipped their way out of the shell in the dark. Poor little chickies!

And when they had left the drawer they were popped into a little house which a man had made and called a foster-mother; but well warmed, it is true, with a lamp and hot water. There they huddled together and made the best of it. One day—would they ever forget it—their bedroom door slipped open.

'Hallo!' they said to one another. 'What's this? Let's go out and see.' So they squeezed their way out with some little difficulty, and found themselves in the wide, wide world. Four of them preferred to stay at home because they didn't like the look of the outside so well as the inside. Dear me! But what a scatteration there was. By and by the people of the house yonder found out that the chicks were loose, and everybody turned out to catch those naughty chickies.

Now, there was one little fact these little vagrants had forgotten, and that was that they would lose their breakfast if they ran away. After a while their little stomachs began crying out for something more to eat. So one by one they began to get home again. Then a savage, hungry cat, seized one of the poor chicks, and hurried away to kill and eat it.

Night was coming on and there were still two little chickies missing; a black one and a yellow one. Would they ever come home? Then a storm broke over the garden. The rain fell in huge drops faster and faster. Just as dusk was turning into night, lo! a little wet, draggled chick, cheeping piteously, was seen running round and round seeking admission. He was so very wet, and cold, and hungry. And when his kind friend came down to let him in he made no effort to escape.

The next day a man clambered over the garden fence from next door with a little black chick in his hand.

He had been wandering about all that rainy night with no nice supper, and no roof to cover him.

Dear children, I have told you this true story of the runaway chicks to remind you how many young people are like those chickens, and think liberty is so nice that they do well to run away from their best friends to get it; and especially from that Best Friend of all, their Lord and Saviour.

The Easter Chicken.

(By Marie Allen Roe, in the 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

Peck! peck! peep! peep! and out came a little fuzzy head from the shell.

Old Brownie chucked and looked very satisfied and knowing.

Little eight-year-old Marjorie was down on her hands and knees in front of the box, when the sound came and she saw the top of the yellow head. She flew into the house to grandma, saying, 'Oh! come quick, grandma! I am sure we've got a chicken, and Oh, what shall we do with it this cold day?'

Now it was Easter morning, and one little chicken had come out of the shell and gave a faint peep. Grandma took it in her hand and Brownie nodded her head as much as to say, 'I am willing. This is Easter day. Let the little lassie be glad. I am happy to make my contribution to her happiness.'

They took the little yellow ball into the house, and Marjorie emptied her work basket and under grandma's direction, lined it with soft white cotton and put the chicken in this little home. How sweet it did look, Majorie said, 'Just like the little chickens you buy in the store, only this was alive and could move about and peep! peep!'

The night before mamma had taught Marjorie the Sunday School lesson, how the dear Lord had died and was laid in the tomb and the door was sealed, and how on Easter morning he had come to life and had come forth from the dark tomb and met his dear disciples once more. As Marjorie hung over her new treasure she said, 'Oh! Mamma; doesn't this seem like really truly Easter; this dear little yellow chicken seemed to be dead and shut up in that tight egg and now, on Easter morning, it breaks out and comes forth such a dear little fuzzy roll. I am just just going to call it my Easter chicken, can't I? No matter how many more Brownie has, this must be truly mine. It makes me so happy and makes me see a little bit what Easter means.'

They went to church and Sunday school. Little Marjorie was very quiet for her, and watched the Easter collection box with great interest. The moment she reached home, she climbed into mamma's lap and said: 'O Mamma! I felt so poor when they passed the collection box is Sunday school. I had only my five cents, and I felt so happy, I wished I had more to put in it. You know they said a lot about giving our best on Easter, and I thought of my chicken, and I felt so badly, for I love it already, and seems as if I couldn't give it.'

Mamma cuddled her darling and thought out a plan, and soon said: 'My dear little pet, couldn't you give the use of your chicken? The little yellow ball couldn't do any one any good now, except. By and by it will grow to be a big hen and lay eggs, and then little daughter can sell the eggs and'—'have the money for my missionary mite box,' broke in Marjorie. 'O, Mamma! That will be the dearest thing of all; it will be like Miss Kemper said in our band, "we can't go ourselves but we can give to send some one."'

The chicken was christened Easter that day, and when other members of the Brownie family came forth, Marjorie drew a little black streak down Easter's back with crayon, so she could distinguish her, and watched her grow into a fowl with glowing interest. Easter came to have a very favored place in the chicken yard, and would welcome her little mistress and, lighting on her shoulder, would peak around into her face, as much as to say, 'I am going to do my best for you some day.'

She certainly did as the months passed and as the pennies from the sale of the eggs dropped into the mite box, to Marjorie they made sweet music, and she felt that she and Easter were loving partners in the King's business.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Sunday.

(Edward Roland Sill, in the new Household Edition of his Poems.)

Not a dread cavern, hoar with damp and mold,
Where I must creep, and in the dark and cold,
Offer some awful incense at a shrine
That hath no more divine
Than that 'tis far from life, and stern, and old;

But a bright hilltop in the breezy air,
Full of the morning freshness high and clear,
Where I may climb and drink the pure, new day,
And see where winds away
The path that God would send me, shining fair.

Life's Opportunities.

(S. V. Dubois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Mary ran eagerly to the window, as she heard the wheels of the buggy, and reached there just in time to see father lift dear old Grandma Stubbins carefully out. 'Here she is now, mother,' she cried, 'and she has brought two bags and a box full of things, so I think she must be going to stay all the spring.'

'Hush child, don't get so excited, but run out and greet her; don't you see I have my hands all covered with dough?'

But Mary was out of the house before Mrs. Brown had finished, and had thrown her arms about Grandma Stubbins, fairly lifting her from the ground.

'You are here for good now, are you not, grandma?' she cried.

Grandma's wrinkled face was beaming with smiles. 'I hope it is for good, dear,' she said, 'but where is your mother?'

'Waiting for a chance to say, "how do you do, grandma,"' said a voice at her elbow. 'But when any one claims relationship to the whole country, it is little wonder my turn is a long time coming.'

'Now, child, don't go to talking so, but help with these things. Bless me, where are they anyway.'

'Oh, grandma, look, father is taking them, he looks like Santa Claus at Christmas time.' Then taking the old lady by the arm, they led her into the house.

'It beats me,' she said, 'how comfortable this chair is. Why the whole country around seems full of comfortable chairs, built for women of my size.'

'But you didn't always sit about in comfortable chairs, grandma,' said Mrs. Brown, as she laid her hand tenderly on the bent shoulder.

'Not while I could work, child, I never wanted to slight any of life's opportunities.'

'You see, when I was a child,' she continued, 'I was an only sister, and any girl with seven brothers has plenty of chances for service, if she's a mind to. Mother used to say to me, "Polly, you've a chance to mould these young minds," for I was the eldest. I thought it powerful hard work sometimes, but I never stopped trying. "You are imprinting yourself upon their minds," mother said. Then I took to examining myself more closely, to see of what sort of stuff I was made. Jack gave me the most trouble. Mother said he was so much like me, was the reason for it. But, bless me, child, he turned out to be a godly man, and years ago went to his eternal reward. So, there is not one mite of use worrying over things, they all come out right in the end.'

'Tell us about the time the horse ran away with you, grandma.'

'As if I hadn't told you a dozen times, dearie. It was Sunday afternoon, and as it had been raining, and the roads were muddy, father said Jack should gear old Billy, and take us all to Sunday-school. Perhaps you do not know what it means to ride in an open waggon with seven boys and with an old horse that went by fits and jumps. Jack sat front and drove, I was on the seat beside him, holding little Frankie, and the other five piled in the back of the waggon. "Now, don't hurry the horse, Jack," was father's parting injunction, "you know his failing if you do."'

'But Jack thought he was quite a man, and after we turned the curve in the road, he let the lines fall heavily on Billy's back. "Get up, there," he said. And Billy got up, kicking his heels and jumping over a crossway, sending two of the children out of the back of the waggon, and throwing the rest of us flat on our backs. Frankie began to cry, and I began to scold Jack, who was laughing fit to crack his sides. The children crawled in again, and we straightened ourselves out, but Billy was in no humor to be governed, and Jack could not do one thing with him. I was laughing myself in less time than it takes me to tell you, to see the antics of that old horse. The road was hardly broad enough for him, and he had us splashed with mud from top to toe. The six children and I walked to Sunday-school, and a sorry sight we must have presented. I remember it was a little late when we got there, and the superintendent looked at us as much as to say, "You are not in keeping with the place or day." It was the last time I ever rode behind Billy with Jack; fact is, father sold him the next year to a man whose horse had to do a great deal of standing around, and I always thought Billy must have fitted the bill admirably well.'

Grandma was never happier than when she was living over the days of the past, and wherever she went, those who loved her listened again and again to her reminiscences.

It was Mrs. Brown who spoke now.

'Life still has its opportunities, for you, Grandma Stubbins.'

'Yes, thank God, and they shall never cease, until the last breath goes from my body. Why, child, every day comes to us filled with its measure of good, and always, in quiet ways, we may be doing heroic things for Christ. I don't know how it may seem to you, Catherine, but I have often found it is in simple, quiet things that the most heroism is found. The trouble with too many of us is, we let life's opportunities all slip from us, and then bemoan our fate.'

'You are better than medicine, grandma,' said Mrs. Brown, as she set her bread nearer the warm stove. 'No wonder people like to have you visit them, you always bring a breath of God's own sunshine with you.'

'Where is that child gone now? Look, grandma, she is gathering those tea roses for your room; she said yesterday, "If only they last till Grandma Stubbins can get a sight of them, I'll ask no more." Yes, grandma, you are blessed, indeed, in that you are a blessing to all about you.'

For a Convalescent.

A favorite and satisfying breakfast for a convalescent is a single, rather thick slice of Boston brown bread, steamed to be moist and warm, and covered with thick cream.

ECZEMA CURABLE? PROVEN!

Attorney at Moline, Ill., Convinced by Oil of Wintergreen Compound.

There is nothing that will convince a lawyer except evidence.

Now, here is some rather startling evidence of a simple home cure for eczema which convinced one lawyer, F. C. Entriken, attorney at Moline, Ill. He tells how oil of wintergreen compound mixed with thymol and glycerine, as in D.D.D. Prescription, cured him in thirty days after thirty-two years of suffering.

'For 32 years,' writes Attorney Entriken, 'I was troubled with eczema, scabs all over my face, body and head. I could run a hair brush over my body and the floor would be covered with scales enough to fill a basket. I tried everything—salves, internal medicine, X-Ray—all without result.

'Just a month ago I was induced to try D.D.D. Prescription. The itch was relieved instantly; so I continued. It is just a month now and I am completely cured. I have not a particle of itch, and the scales have dropped off.

'I can only say again, CURE DISCOVERED. I am now starting all eczema sufferers on the right track.'

For free sample bottle write to The D.D.D. Laboratory, Department N.M., 23 Jordan street, Toronto. For sale by all druggists.

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

FASHIONABLE WAISTS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

2736.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, with shoulder yoke.—This is a charming model for Viyella flannel, flannelette, or striped linen, and is quite simple in construction, if the directions on the pattern are carefully followed. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2744.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist.—This pattern may be developed to advantage in any of the washable materials, such as heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, Madras, or Victoria lawn. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2722.—Ladies' waist, in Directoire style.—Closing at front and having girdle and body lining.—An excellent and fashionable model for the waist of broadcloth, Venetian cloth, challis or flannel with a chemisette of all-over lace. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2726.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, closing at front.—This model is a very simple and serviceable one for the waist of Victoria or Persian lawn, challis or linen. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

2732.—Ladies' jumper shirt-waist, closing at back and having a separate guimpe.—The jumper waist may be made of silk voile, wool batiste or in fact any material the wearer wishes, and worn over a guimpe of silk, messaline or linen, of the same or a contrasting shade according to the material used for the waist portion. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

A Women's Newspaper for Montreal for One Day.

With the disappearance of the snow, and with the summer vacation within sight, the problem of playgrounds for the children of the congested parts of the city comes again into the range of 'practical politics.'

But the playground problem has not yet been taken hold of either by the 'practical politicians' of the Provincial Legislature or the City Hall.

Aiming at stimulating these gentlemen into action by means of a thoroughly aroused public opinion, the ladies of Montreal have arranged with the publishers of the 'Witness' to take complete charge of a special 'Women's Edition' of the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' to be issued early in May.

This is something the ladies of Montreal have never yet done. They have been leaders in all sorts of enterprises to raise money for movements aiming at a better city, but this is the most ambitious undertaking yet launched, and, while they regard it purely as a business proposition, they rely upon the good offices of their friends to give the fullest measure of publicity to it.

The 'Women's Edition' will be unique in the annals of Montreal journalism. The feature will be the need of supervised playgrounds, and this will be presented with full information and illustrations showing what is being done elsewhere in that connection. But in addition, every department of the paper will be edited by a woman, and matters of current interest will be viewed from a woman's standpoint, not even excepting such masculine matters as finance and sport.

The Parks and Playgrounds Association, under whose auspices the 'Women's Edition' will be produced, includes most of the best-known Montrealers, and, with their influence in its favor, the venture cannot be anything but a huge success commercially, providing money for playground equipments.

The circulation department, not content with relying upon the sales of the day of issue, are distributing coupons which will be sold in advance, as tickets for a bazaar are sold. These will be in the hands of hundreds of enthusiastic friends of the cause, who will sell the coupons at five cents each. Each coupon will be good for one copy of the famous 'Women's Edition,' if presented on the day of issue, the enormous increase in the size of the issue having entailed the placing of the price at five cents per copy.

As the 'Women's Edition' will be in great demand, only those who remit immediately or who send for coupons can be sure of securing a copy. Those who want to take part in helping on the good cause of securing playgrounds for city children may send for fifty coupons to sell at five cents each among their friends. Coupons will be issued to those who write immediately to Mrs. F. H. Waycott, Convener Circulation Dept., Women's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

The officers of the Parks and Playgrounds Association and the ladies directly in charge of the 'Women's Edition,' are as follows:—

Patron, His Excellency Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada; president, Sir Alexandre Lacoste; first vice-president, Sir George Drummond; second vice-president, Mr. George Hooper; hon.-secretary, Mr. A. D. Durnford; hon.-treasurer, Mr. C. J. Fleet, K.C.

Board of directors:—Sir George A. Drummond, Sir Alexandre Lacoste, Mr. Robert Meighen, Mr. C. J. Fleet, the Hon. F. L. Beique, Lieut.-Colonel Burland, the Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, Sir E. S. Clouston, Bart.; the Rev. Dr. Hill, Dr. Lachapelle, Mr. H. Laporte, His Worship the Mayor, Sir W. C. Macdonald, Mr. Charles Meredith, Mr. H. V. Meredith, Mr. W. R. Miller, Mr. Bartlett McLennan, the Hon. R. Dandurand, Mr. M. J. A. Prendergast, Mr. Farquhar Robertson, Mr. Recorder Weir, Lady Drummond, Lady Hingston, Mrs. Thibaudeau, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Cox, Mr. A. Durnford, Mr. George Hooper.

Editorial Board of the 'Women's Edition' of the 'Witness':—Mrs. J. E. Logan, who has had experience in literary journalism extending over several years in connection with the New York 'Evening Post' and 'The Nation'; Mrs. Cox, wife of Prof. Cox, of McGill University; Mrs. F. P. Walton, wife of the Dean of the Faculty of Law, McGill University; Miss Waud.

Advertising Committee: — Mrs. Hamilton Gault (convener), Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Peterson, wife of the Principal of McGill University; Mrs. C. E. Moyse, wife of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts, McGill University; Mrs. C. Johnson, Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mrs. H. Vincent Meredith, wife of the manager of the Bank of Montreal; Mrs. J. D. Rolland, wife of the Hon. J. D. Rolland; Miss Rubenstein.

Sales Committee:—Mrs. F. H. Waycott, past president of the Montreal Women's Club, and Miss Edith Watt, joint conveners; Mrs. F. Robertson, wife of the president of the Montreal Board of Trade; Mrs. Weir, wife of Judge Weir; Mrs. Wylde, wife of Dr. Wylde; Mrs. A. Murray, Miss Blackader, Miss Roddick, Miss Esdaile, Mrs. Roddick, wife of Dr. T. G. Roddick.

The primary aim of the ladies is, of course, to raise funds for the playgrounds, but their secondary aim is to make everybody discuss playgrounds, so, in order to set the town talking, they have adopted several plans to make the interest steadily increase from now until the day of publication.

TWO LIMERICK CONTESTS

HOW WOULD YOU END IT?

Oh, the Montreal women are bright,
They will edit the "Witness" some night.
The next day our old town
Will be turned upside down.

.. ..

To stimulate interest in the Women's Edition and also to gather in the many little donations towards the Playgrounds Funds two Limerick contests have been arranged. The results of both contests together with the best last lines and the brightest and cleverest original Limericks will be given in the Women's Edition and will undoubtedly form one of its most interesting sections.

Contest No. 1

This will be for the best last line to be submitted as an ending to the incomplete limerick printed at the top of this announcement. Fill out the coupon printed below and enclose ten cents, in coin or stamps, as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund. Send it in as soon as possible, for all entries will be numbered as opened, and should two persons hit on the same line, the first in order will be the only one for whom that ending will count. Entries in this competition must be addressed:

Aunt Limerick,
Care The Women's Edition,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Contest No. 2

Besides prizes for the best last lines to the above, prizes will be awarded for the best wholly original Limerick on the Women's Edition, in which the words, 'Women' and 'Witness' must appear. These Limericks must also be accompanied by ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund, and must be received before the end of April, but in this case the address will be:—

To the Editor,
Original Limerick Competition,
Women's Edition,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N.B.—The same person may send in as many entries as desired for either or both competitions—the more the merrier, but to count for the prize each entry must be accompanied by ten cents as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund.

THE PRIZES.

The Prizes will be awarded as follows:

For Last Line Limericks

One	First Prize
One	Second Prize
Twenty-five	Third Prizes
Fifty	Fourth Prizes

For Original Limericks

One	First Prize
One	Second Prize
Five	Third Prizes
Ten	Fourth Prizes

Aggregating Ninety-Four Prizes, value over $150,00.

More prizes are given in the 'Last Line' contest, as that will naturally attract more entries, but for that very reason it will be easier to win the prize in the 'Original Limerick' contest for those who enjoy the fun of writing verses and have the happy knack.

The prizes will be:—

FIRST PRIZE.

One 3-yard best quality Canadian flag, (British manufacture), of real double-warp wool bunting, canvas bound, roped and toggled, all ready to hoist.

SECOND PRIZE.

One 2-yard Canadian flag, quality identical with above.

THIRD PRIZE.

One year's subscription each to 'World Wide' and the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent either to his own or any other addresses the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one years's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for either of the above.)

FOURTH PRIZE.

One year's subscription to either 'World Wide' or the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent to any address the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for the above.)

In sending in your version of the last line use the following coupon and send it with 10 cents in coin or stamps, to 'Aunt Limerick,' Women's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N. M. **How Would YOU End It?**

Oh! the Montreal women are bright
They will edit the 'Witness' some night,
The next day our old town
Will be turned upside down

.. ..

DON'T MISS THE

EASTER NUMBER

OF THE

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

SPECIAL COVER DESIGN

'DECORATING THE CHURCH FOR EASTER'

Triumphant Easter Song (words and music complete,) **'I Know That My Redeemer Liveth,'** from Handel's 'Messiah.'

Easter Prize Picture—Child with Rabbits in a Field.

Portrait of the Month—**The New General Manager of the G.T.P.**

Some of the **OTHER PICTURES** are as follows

Spring Work on the Canadian Prairies.

Maple Sugar Days.

Immigration Opens with a Rush—New Settlers Leaving the Old Land for Canada.

Pictures of the Terrible Disaster at Windsor Station, Montreal, When an Express Train Ran Clear Through the Waiting Room, Dealing Death and Destruction.

Greatest Laymen's Movement of the Age—Leaders of the Congress which is to Map Out a Missionary Policy for Canada.

A Good Story—The Usual Departments.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

ONLY 10c

At all leading dealers, or by mail postpaid on receipt of five two-cent stamps. Annual subscription $1.00 to any postal address the world over.

TRIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' from now up to and including the November issue (end of vol. iv.) for 50 cents.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., 'WITNESS' BLOCK, MONTREAL.

For special offer to 'Messenger' readers, see other pages.

BOYS! ATTENTION!

SPLENDID NEW COMPETITION

Open to all Boys who sell the

Canadian Pictorial (10c a copy)

Earn commission or premiums right along, and at the same time work for the extra prizes to be given for the

Biggest aggregate sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' during the three months, April, May and June.

So that all will have equal chance we will make three separate classes.

Class 1. For boys living in the cities of Canada (outside Montreal).

Class 2. For boys living in the towns of Canada.

Class 3. For boys living in the villages or rural districts of Canada.

A First and Second Prize in Each Class, all prizes to be over and above the usual premiums and commissions, which will be earned just the same, whether you win the prize or not.

FIRST PRIZE—Your choice of the following:

1. A Football, Rugby or Association, best quality, retailed at $4.00.
2. Fishing Rod and Tackle, best bargain to be got for $4.00.
3. A Camera, No. 2A Brownie, value everywhere $3.00, along with films, etc., to the value of $1.00 more.
4. Watch and Chain.—Best to be had for $4.00.
5. Baseball Outfit.—The biggest value in selected articles to be secured for $4.00.

SECOND PRIZE—Your choice of the five articles named above, but of cheaper quality, though good value each worth $3.00.

If you want as a prize something not included in the list, we may be able to substitute it, or we will allow you

MONEY IF PREFERRED:

1st PRIZE, $3.00
2nd PRIZE, $2.00 } In Each Class

N.B.—We prefer to give the prize in goods, because in that way we can give our boys the advantage of our exceptional opportunities of purchase, and so give in goods better value than could be obtained locally for the same money.

If you've never sold before, send for a package of the Easter Number (April) 'Canadian Pictorial' to start on, and 'Go in and win.'

REMEMBER—Whether you win a prize or not, you get your regular profits just the same on every copy you sell, so it's well worth an extra push.

For example: Our fine collection of premiums includes:—Nickel vest pocket knife, a perfect gem, splendid steel, for selling six copies; large jack knife (Rogers) for eight copies; rubber stamp with your own name and address and a self-inking pad, all for nine copies (though formerly we required the sale of fourteen copies for this same equipment); nickel watch for eighteen copies, etc., etc.

SEND A POST CARD.

Full particulars of this competition and of our entire plan of premiums and commissions, on application to John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Whatever is, is Best.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings hade,
Is sometime, somewhere, punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the Great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And, I know, when my soul speeds onward
In the grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look earthward,
'Whatever is, is best.'

A Sweetbrier Life.

Outside, a summer rain, soft but steady, was dripping from the eaves. Inside, the group had been talking and reading and doing fancywork in the desultory fashion of people shut in by a rainy night. Presently one opened the piazza door a moment, and a wave of the fragrance of wet, green, growing things filled the room. The one at the door turned, her face full of delight.

'Do you smell the sweetbrier down by the gate?' she cried. 'Did you ever know anything so exquisite? It's lovely always, but never so lovely as in the rain.'

One of the others—a young girl—looked up impulsively.

'It makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth,' she said.

'Why Aunt Elizabeth?' someone else asked.

The girl flushed, it was never easy for her to tell her thoughts to anyone, but she was too brave to retreat.

'Why, you see,' she explained slowly, 'there are ever so many roses that are beautifully fragrant—the roses themselves I mean, but I don't know any other whose leaves are sweet. That's why it makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth, because everything she does—not the big or happy things, seem to have something beautiful about them, something that she gives them from the spirit that is in her, and that goes out into everything she says or does, I'm afraid I'm not explaining it very well, but I don't know how to any better.'

An older woman smiled down into the girl's face. 'Yes, dear,' she answered gently, 'we understand.'—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

RE-OPENED

THE 'WITNESS'

FLAG OFFER

OF CANADIAN ENSIGNS

(BEST QUALITY WOOL BUNTING)

FOR SCHOOL OR HOME

WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY.

Teachers and others interested are invited to correspond regarding this offer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our Flags surprise and delight all who receive them.

Address FLAG DEPT., John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Canadian Wheat Best

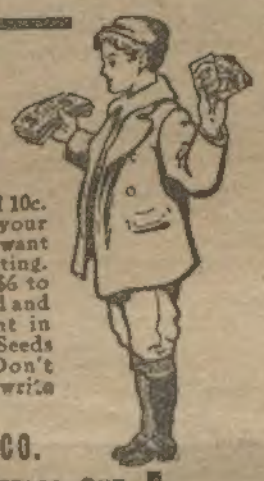
Among cereals that are commonly used for human food, such as rice, corn, oats, barley, etc., there are none to compare with the whole wheat. Canadian wheat thoroughly cooked and taken with milk is a perfect food for the human system. Bread and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not cooked enough to get the best results. By chemical analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb; six times more fat; 40 percent more proteid; twice the quantity of soluble matter; 60 percent more maltose, and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

Orange Meat (which contains the whole wheat) is so prepared that every ounce will be affected like the bread crust. No kitchen with ordinary apparatus can produce this effect.

To persistent users of Orange Meat a large reward is offered. See their private postcard enclosed in every package of Orange Meat detailing particulars of how to win a cash prize of seven hundred dollars or a life annuity of fifty-two dollars.

If you enter this contest, send postcard to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

IT'S EASY TO MAKE MONEY



SELLING our 5c. and 10c. Seed Packages. All your friends and neighbors want them for Spring planting. Boys and girls make $6 to $12 a week after school and on Saturdays. Agent in re-ordering says: "Seeds sell like wildfire." Don't wait until too late, write at once to

ONTARIO SEED CO.

111 KING ST., WATERLOO, ONT.

Mother and Child.

Every child is an unconscious criticism upon his parents. He is the sum total of their blunders and the white slate of his nature carries many strokes against their management of his life.

It is a wonderful thing that children are born into the world with perfect faith in their parents. This faith is one of the most beautiful gifts a kind God has bestowed upon them to make their children happy.

Many so-called 'naughty children' are only cases of unfortunate little ones trying to tell to their parents in the only language they can command that their bodies are fatigued and their minds overwrought.—'Times.'

John Ruskin and His Servants

John Ruskin was one of the most considerate of men. An intimate friend of his tells the following:

I was dining with Mr. Ruskin, when during the meal, as we were enjoying a rhubarb tart, I happened to say that it was the first I had tasted that season, and remarked how delicious it was. He was delighted at my appreciation of his rhubarb, and, ringing for one of the servants, he said, 'Please tell Jackson I want him.' When he came into the room, his master said: 'Jackson, I am very pleased to tell you that your first pulling of rhubarb is quite a success; and my friend here, who has had some pie made of it, says that it was delicious.'

When we had finished dining, a servant came in, bringing a number of lighted candles. The windows being shaded by the overhanging trees above, the room was almost dark, even before the sun had gone down.

After placing the candles, she was leaving the room, when she suddenly stopped and said: 'Please, sir, there is a beautiful sunset sky just now over The Old Man.'

Ruskin rose from his chair, and said: Thank you, Kate, for telling us.'

He then left the room, but soon returned. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is worth seeing,' and he led the way upstairs to his bedroom.

It was certainly a glorious sight, the sun sinking behind the Coniston Old Man Mountain, and the mist and ripples on the lake tinged with a crimson flush. We sat in the window recess till the sun went down behind the mountain. Not a word was spoken by either of us. I was thinking of the charming relation and sympathy manifested between master and servants.—'The Advance.'

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

FUN FOR THE WINTER.

16 Humorous Recitations, 15c. 20 Humorous Dialogues, 15c. 150 Songs with Music, 15c. Famous Dramatic Recitations, 15c. 110 Comic Recitations, 15c. 1400 Riddles, 15c. 100 Tricks in Parlor Magic, 15c. Home Amusements, 15c. By mail postpaid, two books for 25c.

USEFUL NOVELTIES CO., Dept. N., Toronto, Canada

1312

Church Chime Peal BELLS Memorial Bells a Specialty

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.

Two Very Special Offers of Spring Coats at $5.00

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No. G2400. N.M., is a Smart Spring Coat (for both Ladies and Misses), of Striped Covert Coating, in both light fawn and brown tones, excellent quality. Prince Chap back, double breasted front, 28 inches long, the fancy pockets and coat sleeves are trimmed with buttons of self.

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No. G2303. N.M., is a Stylish Spring Coat (for both Ladies and Misses), of All Wool Light Tweeds, creamy mixtures, bar and stripe effects, in tones of grey or fawn, sacque coat, 30 inches long, with side vents, fancy pockets, and coat sleeves trimmed with fancy buttons. It has a Chesterfield front.

Stock sizes, ladies', bust measure 32 to 42 in.
" misses', " " 30 to 36 in.

Lace Centre Pieces for 35c Worth Double.

For home use, or for presentation purposes, you couldn't give anything more appropriate or acceptable. The illustration is an exact photograph of one of four designs. Order early, for these dainty pieces will be in popular demand at this low price.

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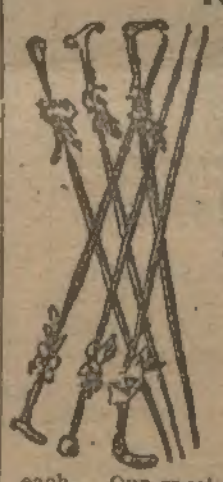

These are sensible and serviceable Umbrellas, with strong steel rods and pretty handles of Fancy Horn, Silver Knobs, Dresden, or neat natural wood, and are certainly a big bargain at eighty-nine cents.

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Everyone wants one of these low priced correct timekeepers known as the Ansonia, $1.00.

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This watch is the popular medium or 16 size in the new thin model, of which the above illustration is an exact representation. Each watch is backed by the maker's guarantee of accuracy, endorsed by this store, same as for the highest priced watches.

Repairing this watch is made easy when necessary, as all parts are made by automatic machinery at the rate of thousands per day, so that any part can be replaced and fitted without trouble. This watch is specially suited to mechanics, sportsmen, and those engaged in rough work, because it is made especially to withstand hard knocks. The finest and highest priced watches can do no more than this watch, namely, keep time, wear well and look well. A guarantee sent with each watch for one year from date of sale. Money back if not satisfied. Delivered to any address in good order on receipt of price, ...$1.00.

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